A HEROIC RESISTANCE.

Towards the close of a sultry after noon the little steamer Dunlin was charning her way through the glassy roll of the Atlantic. Away to the south stretched a limitless waste of gray sea, streaked with wreaths of low-lying mist; to the north lay the coast of Africa. Clusters of feathery palms, Fellow beaches swept by eternal surf, and rows of native buts nestling between

the oction-wood forest and the ocean, tose to view and faded astern as the steamer rolled along.
Captain orms leaned over the bridgeralls, glancing at the approaching coast-line and grumbling at the heat, for it was the season of the rains and the atmosphere was like that of a holtonise.

the atmosphere was like that of a hothouse.

"Six fathoms, str." halled a quartermaster, as he dipped the lead; and the mate observed: "It's shoaling fast, and there are too many unchartered rocket about to make this a nice neighborked to navigate in the dark.

Again Captain Orne looked at the creaming breakers ahead; then he stamped upon the bridge, for the climate of Africa in the rainy season is trying to both health and temper. "Hang those Kroobers for bringing us into a place like this!" he broke out. "I shall be glad to see the last of them —thought they'd take charge of the ship once or twice. Go down and see if any headman can pilot us in, We shall have to stay all sight; I won't risk going out in the dark."

The mate descended to the deck, where some two hundred Krooboy laborers, returning to their native country, the Liberian than after a labor country, the labor of a labor country.

The 'mate descended to the deck, where some two hundred Krcoboy laborers, returning to their native country in the Liberian bush after a labor contract with the factors of the oil rivers and the gold coast, lay about in pleturesque simplicity of attire. Broad-shouldered, muscular fellows they were, with a blue-stripe tatooed down the centre of each ebony forchead, the marked of the Kroo nation. Some were clad in crimson flannel jackets and battered silk hats, but the majority were content with the simple waist-cloth—"a healthy and very economical garment," as the Scotch engineer said, All about them lay cases of Hamburg gin and sharp matchets, which represented part of the fruit of their labor, wages in West Africa being mostly paid in kind. "Any of you Krooboys fit take 'teamer in?" asked the mate; and immédiately there was a babel of voices amil a crywd 'of eager applicants. Nothing, delights a negro more than the assumption of a little brief authority. The choice was made, and a broad-shouldered giant, rejoicing in the uame of Old Man Trouble, stalked pompously to and fro upon the bridge, his woolly hair projecting through the place where the crown of his silk hat should have been.

projecting through the place where the crown of his slik hat should have been. Once he laid his hand upon the tele-graph, but the mate was too quick for him.

him.

"No nigger touches that; you're only here to show the way, not to command; savvy?" said Captain Orme.

"Not nigger, sah," answered the man; "only low bushman and Liberia man nigger." Then his mouth expanded into the broad grin of the Africa, and pointing to a white-walled building among the palms, he added: "New customhouse, sah; Krooboy burn him one time."

The mate, who posed as an encycle-pedia in West African matters, laughed, pedia in West African matters, laughet, "The old question—free trade versus protection," he said. "They play it out vigorously here, sometimes as a com-edy and sometimes as a tragedy. In any case, it's rough on the Kroobov, who doesn't want to be governed at all, to be taxed extortionately to pay for improvements in Monrovia, I wonder how many custom-houses he has burn-ed?" **

Old Man Trouble, who understood the

Old Man Trouble, who understood the speech, nodded approval. "Liberian man bushman," he said. "We fit to fight him too much."
"The Krooboys be hanged," broke in Captain Orme: "I'm sick of them. We will have a Liberian officer aboard now to charge us five hundred dollars for landing this crowd, of which he'il pocket haif. Blow the whistle for the capes."

et half. Blow the whistie for the caposes."

Three times the deep boom of the steam whistle rang out, and echoed along the palm-clad bluff ashore, until the sound died away and was lost in the monotonous sons of the surf. Then the Dunlin's propeller turned slowly astern and her anchor rattled down.

Presently a little launch steamed out from behind ap oint of surf-swept rocks, and, when sho shot alongside, a sable representative of the Liberian republic, covered with tarnished gold lace, strutted towards the bridge with the air of an admiral of the fleet. "You are fined \$50 for anchoring without permission, and it you desire to land those Kroomen you must pay \$2.50 a head," he announced, and proceeded to climb the bridge. ced, and proceeded to climb the bridgeladder.

'Stop where you are, daddy," said the 'Stop where you are, daddy,' said the captain, laughing. "No one sets foot on this bridge until he's asked. You'll get no fifty dollars from me, and as to paying two and a half dollars each for the Krooboys, that's more than the best nigger in Africa is worth, even if he is a customs officer. However, there they are; you can sail in and collect it yourself. Don't be too exacting though, for they've all got matchets."

seif. Don't be too exacting though, for they've all got matchets."

Hardly had the dignitary of the black republic reached the fore-well than a pandemonium of angry yells rose from the crowded deck, and bright matchetblades glittered above a mase of naked arms. Captain Orme, who had been fined too many times on frivolous pre-



CLOTH GOWN WITH SATIN BRAIDING FROM HARPER'S BAZAL

texts to love the Liberians, smiled grimly as the customs officer hastily returned to the foot of the bridge-ladder. His teeth were chattering and his knees shook like an acacia leaf in the rush of the harmattan.

"You shall pay for this," he gasped. "If you attempt to land one boy I'll fre on you, and advise Monrovia to put our navy on your track."

"If the Liberian navy gets in my gay I'll run over the thing," replied the captain; "It looked like an overgrown jaunch the last time I saw it, Is your western squadron like the other, eh? If they won't pay, the Krooboys must go on to Sierra Leone, for they shall not take my boats ashore for you to confiscate—see? Here's a word of advice. This is a hard crowd, a fighting ribe from the interior; they might fancy swimming off in the dark, for we stay here all night and we dare not to stop them. If they do, you'd better look out. Remember, too, that a little lovely office, official answered nothing. daw.

The black official answered nothing His self-esteem was wounded, and with a feeble attempt at a swagger he kicked his sable clerks down the ladder kicked his sable clerks down the ladder and descended into the launch. As the little craft steamed away a yell of derision and hate followed her, and matchets flashed along the Dunlhi's all. Then the Krooboys settled down again into their customary easy-going good-humor, and the mate observed, "Scene one of the comedy. I wonder how it will end."
"Yo canoe came, sah; you lend us

"No canoe came, sah; you lend us No canoe came, sah; you lend us surf boats one ill 'sime?" asked Old Man Trouble. But the captain an-swered sharply: "No, you ull go on to Sa Leone, and get back the best way you can. Here's a dollar; get away forward."

forward."
Darkness settled down across the mis-ty ocean with the suddenness of the tropics, and after swallowing a hasty meal in their stilling, cockroach-haunt-ed mess-room, captain and mate loung. ed about beneath the spar-deck ngs, trying to catch a stray breath of

air. "Pah! I'm half mad with prickly heat, and that din gets on my nerves!" said the former. "This deck passenger game is not worth the candle; look at

THINGS CHANGE.

BICTELES FOR MIRE

BICYCLES FOR

Braiding of satin put on cloth is very greatly in favor this winter, and the more elaborate the pattern the better. A gown of dark blue smooth-faced cloth, allustrated above, made with this style of trimming, is noticeably smart, and the lines of the satin are very cleverly designed. The prevailing air of the costume is one of quiet grace. It has the new skirt, which is slender and clinging, without the flaring stiffness of last winter's skirts. The front of the waist blouses, a detail which is becoming to almost every type of figure. Directions

sical," said the mate, "and very old, too; many tell how they fought the first white men, the Portuguese, four hundred years ago."

Presently by a blaze of torch-light, for a fire of some kind is an essential feature of a West African palaver, three wild figures danced upon the high fore-castle-head, the red glare falling upon their naked skins as they flung their arms about and harangued the excited crowd below. A hoarse roar of approval went up in answer, and then one of the orators appeared to dissent, and his comrades pitched him head over heels on to the iron deck beneath. Captain Ormé sprang to his feet. "There'll be murder done," he shouted, "and they're burning the new tarred gaswarp, too. Tell Mac to start the big pump."

"The hose is rigged Parsenne clean.

pump."

"The hose is rigged. Pairsonal clean-"The hose is rigged. Pairsonal clean-liness is guid, an' there's naething 'ill settle a palaver like a pickle cauld wa-ter, with eighty pun o' steam ahint it." observed the engineer, drily; and fol-lowing the cling-clang of the pump be-low a solid jet of water swept the deck fore and aft, till the council broke up ignominously.

low a solid jet of water swept the low a solid jet of water swept the fore and aft, till the council broke up is genominously.

"Thank soodness!" said Captain Orme, "I'm glad that's over; wonder what it was all about, anyway."

It was long past midnight when the harassed captain was awakened by a loud hammering at his door, Springled go out of his narrow bunk, and shaking out of his narrow bunk, and shaking dout of his him pajamas, he strode to ward the entrance, and heard the pressure of the quality to he as so that the pressure of his thin pajamas, he strode to ward the entrance, and heard the fore site's stove alongside; and the solders on the Pruselan system—of the wallowing steamer on the smooth back of a steamer on the shoulder, the mate saw a shadowy figure leaning out of the captain's volce: "Be careful. Look out for—" and then the vessel roiled hard the captain's volce: "Be careful. Look out for—" and then the vessel roiled hard the captain's volce: "Be careful. Look out for—" and then the vessel roiled hard the captain's volce: "Be careful. Look out for—" and then the vessel roiled hard the pain captain of th

the inky blackness at every roll. Then he heard the mate calling excitedly for help, and striking right and left with his revolver-butt, he burst through a crowd of negroes surging around the davits. The big Krooboy who was thrusting the boat's bows off the rail went down like a dog as the heavy pistol-butt smote him between the eyes; and the mob fell back a pace or two. "Light a port fire on the bridge, some one. Raily round, all hands," he roared. "We're a comin', sir," answered a volce out of the darkness, as a few drowsy seamen fought their way to their commander's side, the Krooboys giving way before the swinging capstan-bars and fron pump-handles. Then capstan-bars hissed and spluttered on the lofty bridge, and an intense daziling green glare shone down on the swaying crowd below. "Stand back!" shouled the capital. "The first that lays a hend upon the boats I shoot." and the barrel of his revolver glinted in the light of the port fire. For a few seconds the negroes shood silent and irresolute, until a burly lender strode forward, saying something in an unknown tongue, and pointing to the boats. The mate's grasp tightened on his handspike as he glanced at the rolling sews and securing faces before him. He knew that if the skipper's nerve proved unequal to the task it might go very hard with every white man on board, for many of the Krooboys were armed with matchets.

"Give us them boat, white man, and

with matchets. 'Give us them boat, white man, and plenty boy live for bring them back," said the spokesman. "If no fit, we chop

plenty boy live for bring them back," said the spokesman, "If no fit, we chop you one time." For a moment or two the capitain made no reply, but stood calmly facing the excited crowd, and glancing shorewards the mate saw a bright tongue of flame leap up from the summit of the bluff, while a hoarse murnur ran from man to man. Then ngain the tread of running feet echoed along the after deck, and a hoarse voice cried, "Out o' the way, so brutes," The big Kroohoy glanced behind him, and swung his matchet, but a heavy steel spanner descended with a thud upon his woolly head, and the gaint figure of the chief engineer leaped into the circle of light, while the negro, staggering sideways, fell-groaning upon the deck. Next moment a wedge of sooty freemen and greasers, with showels and rabbles in their hands, eleft the crowd apart, and the Krooboys gave sultenly back on either side.

"Now," said the captain, "take that man away and pump on him. If there's one of you left on the spar deck in three minutes I'll shoot him." The negroes went slowly forward. It was the old story the calmoest and contemprants of the European had

"I'm dead tired of them anyway, ob-served Capitain Orme, slowly. "Flye dollars a head from Lagos doesn't cover this kind of thing. I wonder what 'fhey'll be up to next." Even as he spoke a wild yell rose from the fore-deck, followed by a succession of splathes in the sea. "Come back there! Stop them! Light enother port-fire," he coared

him on the spot."
"I'm dead tired of them anyway," ob-

steam-whistle rang out four times across the misty darkness, and then all was silence again.

It is hard enough at any time to sleep in the tropics during the stifting heat of the rains, and after what had happened none of the spectators cared to return to their berths again. They sat smoking instead upon the spar-deck, listening to the welter of water along the bends, each time the Duntin rolling heavily down buried her rusty plates in a brimming swell. At last, shortly after dawn, the captain sprang to his feet. "They're burning the custom-house by George! Look there," he said, pointing to a broad sheet of red flame which roared aloft from the shadowy loom of the bluff, lighting up the fringe of foaming breakers which hurled themselves upon the sand. "That officer is probably having a bad time now; the Kroomen have no particular reverence for the majesty of the Black republic," he added. "I wish it was daylight, so we could send a boat in for the sake of the Frenchmen; but she would never get through the surf in the dark."

"Til chance it, sir; we'll get through somehow," answered the mate. "They berian.

house by George! Look there," he said, pointing to a broad sheet of red flame which roared aloft from the shadow loom of the bluff, lighting up the fringe of foaming breakers which hurled themselves upon the sand. "That officer is probably having a bad time now; the Kroomen have no particular reverence for the majesty of the Black republic," he added. "I wish it was daylight, so we could send a boat in for the sake of the Frenchmen; but she would never get through the surf in the word of the sake of the frenchmen; but she would never get through the surf in the war in the word new you call him?—dysentery, and Canot he go back ver' sick; but you dejeune wit' us?"

The clerks refused courteously, and while they stood laughing together the representative of the Liberian republic black officer, we can't sit here and do nothing."

"I'll chance it, sir; we'll get through somehow." answered the mate. "They were very kind last time we called; and even if it were only on account of the black officer, we can't sit here and do nothing." "Well." said the captain, "if you like to risk it, go. Mac is liching to go too. It's none of his business, but he's never happy unless he's putting something right."

out for—" and then the vessel rolled wildly down, and the words were drowned in a surgling rush of water.

"Paddle there, paddle!" was the order, and the black boat-boys, balancing themselves on either sunwale, gripped a loop of fibre with their prehensile toes, as they swung the dripping paddles, and the big surf-boat went fast inshore, now shooting aloft on the crest of a roller, now sinking deep in the gloomy trough. Ten minutes later they paddled slower, and the mate stood erect in the stern-sheets as the boat rose and fell sharply just outside the fringe of breakers. Gray dawn was coming across the heaving ocean. A red streak broadened and deepened along the easiern horizon, while beyond the parallel lines of roaring surf the feathery tufts of the paims rose dimly above the misty forest. The fire had died away, and only a few wreaths of dings smoke were faintly visible against the blaff. dingy smoke were faintly visible against the bluff.

dingy smoke were faintly visible against the bluff.

"You fit take us through surf, Frypan?" asked the mate; and the grizaled helmsman modded silently as he took a firmer srip of the sculling oar. "Then in you go! Give her fits! Hyah, Krooboy!" shouted the officer, and the engineer slowly and methodically buckled a cork life-belt about his waist. "Cleanliness is guid," he observed; "but you's no the hest place for a mornin' bath."

Then the headman raised his voice, the Krooboys broke out into a wild chant as they leaned over the bending paddles, and the foam bolled high on either bow as the boat leaped forward. Presently she swept aloft with a snowy smother spouting above the gunwale; then the paddles whirled together and she swooped wildly down into the black hollow beyond. Again she rose, and this time half a ton of yeasty water poured in over the stern, and the white men dashed the spray from their eyes and gazed at the liquid walls rolling between them and the thundering beach.

"We're in for it now, and must face it out," and the mate, heareely, and the

the summt of the bluff, while a hoarse murmur ran from man to man. Then mean the tread of running feet echeed along the after deck, and a hoarse vole cried, "Oot of the way, we brutes."
The big Krooboy glanced behind him, and awang his matchet, but a heavy sited spanner descended with a thud upon his woolly head, and the gaunt figure of the chief oughner leaped into the circle of light, while the niegro, changering sideways, felt-granular upon the deck. Next moment a wedge of and rabbles in this hands, cleft the crowd apart, and the Krooboys gave sullely back on either side.

"Now" goal the captein, "take that may and pump on him. If there's min or two the wild the min held the grow way and pump on him. If there's min or two the side hows. A closen Krooboy for word, and the span way and pump on him, if there's loss of curling the sain the krooboys gave sullely back on either side.

"Now" goal the captein, "take that me in the boar's keel ground deep thin the sain away and pump on him. If there's min the boar's keel ground deep thin the sain away and pump on him. If there's loss of curling the core of apart, and the Krooboys gave sulling-oar. For a men or two the will men held their the sain away and pump on him. If there's loss of curling the core of apart, and the Krooboys gave sulling-oar. For a men or two the will men held their the sain away and pump on him. If there's loss of curling the circle of light, while a man a catasract of spraw fell upon the sain the books. A closen Krooboy for cream, it was the old story; the calmores and contemptions feathers are contained, the circle of light, while a man and catasract of spraw fell upon the sain the beach was a close of the circle of light, while a man the last of the circle of light, while a man to the circle of light, while the inspiration of the circle of light, while the insp

is recklessly brave; but he is always loath to face a determined white man. It is not unusual to see a score of stalwart bushmen flying in terror from the wrath of a sickly white trader, who would be as helpless as a child in their muscular grip. This is the more strange, as all the traders are by no means remarkable for nerve or courage, while the negroes have probably faced swift death at the point of a barbed spear several times before.

"A wee bit firmness gangs a lang way," said the engineer, panting; "an' I'm thinkin' it's a gey hard skull he has onyway; the bit tap wull no trouble him lang."

The mate burst out into a laugh to relieve his pent-up excitement, as he answered: "If it had been any one but a nigger the bit tap would have killed him on the spent."

for the custom-house," said the mate. Side by side the two officers hurried up the beach, the one gripping a revolver and the other an antiquated brass-hilted thing he called a claymore; but there was neither sound nor sign of life as they brushed through the dewy banana leaves towards the smouldering ruin.

Them Kroobey deviis have all gone, sir," said the quartermaster, a few paces in advance, and the white men came out from the gloom of the dripping palm fronds. A faint voice cried, "Help!" and startling at the sound of the new-comers turned their heads and saw a sight which at first moved them to pity, and afterwards to hearty laughter.

The black customs official, his gaudy uniform stained with mould and drenched with dew, was learning limply against a palm-stem to which he was loosely bound, while the two black clerks, with terror-stricken faces, occupied a similar position near by. Some woolly-haired alattered silk had over his eyes, and tied a roil of landing permits about his neck. The officer made no pretense of importance now, he was in a state of hopeless collapse.

"Been having a had time," said the mate, removing the hat; "but why don't the collection of the party with the collection of the permits about his neck.

a roll of landing permits about his neck. followed by a succession of splashes in the sea. "Come back there! Stop them! Light another port-fire," he reared.

This time a crimson fame blazed out from the rail of the spar-deck, and by the ruddy glare the Europeans saw the Krooboys hurling their gin cases over the iron bulwarks, while already four or five sable figures were shooting through the circle of light which foll upon the long, glassy undualtons, as the steamer rolled and wallowed in the steep swell. The white seamen deaseended the iron-ranged ladder, but glistening matchet-blades barred their way and old Man Trouble stood upon the winch-drum and litted up his volce. "Listen lil" word. Captain, sal," he said. "We dun pay you all five dollar for land on Palm Bluff beach. Liberian man say no; captain say no bota. Krooboy swim; if white man say no, we chop him. Live fer quiet; we go chop liberla man instead."

"Liet them go." advised the mate; "we can't stop them now, and would only get hurt if we tried. There's no surf in Africa big enough to drown a Krooboy."

As he spoke a crowd of naked figures flung themselves over the rail, and the sea was dotted with swimming heads; man after man followed in rapid succession, until the deck was empty of all save those bound for Slerra Leone. The sight was no unusual one, for when, as eccasionally happens, the cances do not come off to meet the coasting-steamers, the Krooboy passengers swim ashore half a mile or more, pushing sher gin cases before them.

"It's not our business," rejoined the mate," and he probably deserves it. It won't be the first Liberian station the willy Kroboy has cleaned out. I am thinking most of the two frances, and then all was slence again.

It is hard enough at any time to siech it to prove the male was slence again.

It is hard enough at any time to siech it to the tries and the nation of the stem whistie rang out four times across the milty and the proposed the wrete and the relative to the stem whistie rang out four times across the milty

sauce for a likoor an ships' bread with rottonstone for dessert."

The officers nodded a smiling approval; they knew that whatever comes out of a tin is considered edible by the Kroeboy. Then the mate turning his eye seawards, saw a puff of white steam mingle with the yellow smoke rising from the Dunlin's funnel; it was now broad daylight, and the hoot of the whistle warned him that the captain was growing impatient.

tient.
"Take me on to Sinou; you won't leave
here to be murdered," gasped the Liberian.
"No." said the mate; "If you like to

beach faded away into the szure dist-ance.—Harold Bindles in Macmillan's Magazine.

Pronounced Incurable.

From the Republican, Scranton, Pa. reporter recently learned of a remarkable experience, which happened to Mrs. Frederick Braig, of North Wyming avenue, Sranton, Pa. In the in terview with her, she said: "I suffered for many months with pains in my back and side. I called in all the physicians whom I knew; they did all they could for me, but admitted that I could not be cured. None of them seemed to know just what my allment was, and-doctored me for different diseases, but failed to benefit me.

"Instead of getting better I became worse, and was obliged to leave my worse, and was obliged to leave my.

worse, and was obliged to leave

"Instead of getting better I became worse, and was obliged to leave my work and remain at home. The pains became more severe, and it was not long before I was obliged to go to bed, and was unable to leave it for several months. I was very weak and suffered severe pains almost constantly, in the meanwhile doctoring all the time.

"At that time I was sisying at the home of my father, Mr. Van Gorden, at 608 Marlon street, this city. I grew worse steadily and was almost helpless.

"One day a neighbor came to see me and told me of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My father was going down to the central part of the city that afternoon, and I asked him to get a box of the pills. He brought home a box that evening and I began taking them. The first box helped me some, and I decided to set another. After taking the second box I felt much better, and after taking the third I was able to get up and be about. Before I had taken the fourth box I was able to go back to my work, and felt as well as I had ever felt in my the



TWO HEADED GIRL.

"Two heads are better than one."
"Your're right. My wife is making two hundred dollars a week in that mu-



A CONUNDRUM.

Imp-What shall we do with him next, your satanic majesty? All of our ortures seem to have no effect upon him.

Satan-Who is he?

Imp-A football player.



1-Mrs. Sharper-This is the best scheme that I've found to keep John from drinking. It works splendidly.



2-John (to himself)-Bet your life it does.

mates, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They
build up the blood, and restore the slow
of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In
mon they effect a radical cure in all
cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold to
boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents
a box or six boxes for \$2 50, and may
be had of all drugglais, or direct by
mail by addressing Ur. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

CASTORIA. Chart Fletchen The fac-

"I want to hire a bicycle,"
"Do you want the tandem you had last week?"
"Ob no, married the girl yesterday,"